

MARVEL

521

WAID
WIERINGO
KESEL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!

Fantastic Four

RISING
STORM
PART 2 of 4

WIERINGO!
KESEL '04
MOUNTS

THE FANTASTIC FOUR

4

A team—and a family—of adventurers, explorers and imaginauts, the Fantastic Four lead lives both ordinary—and extraordinary. As of today:

3

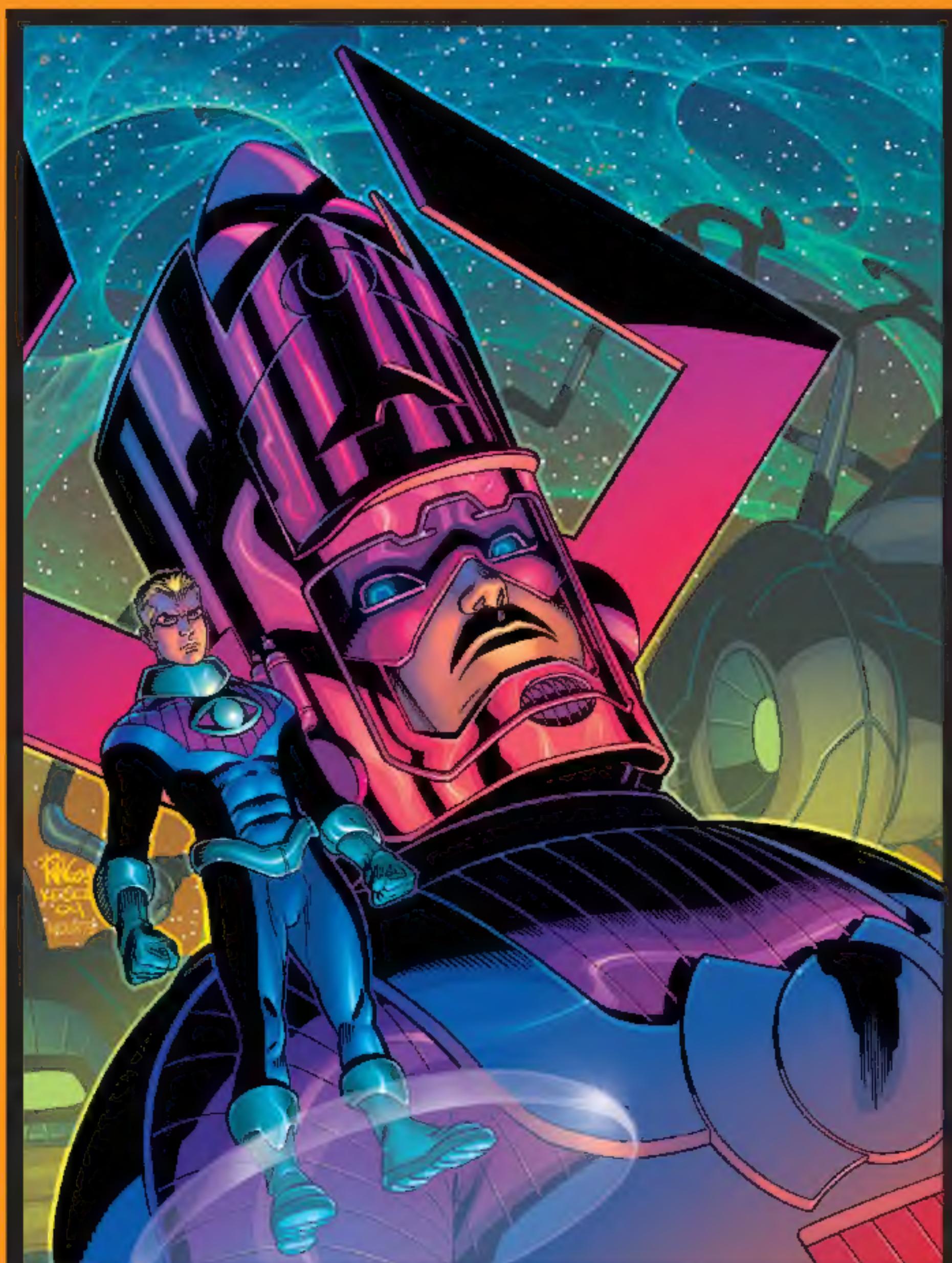
A growing number of planets have been using an "intergalactic shareware" technology to cloak themselves from the world-eating cosmic menace known as Galactus, rendering themselves invisible to even his most advanced instruments of detection.

2

Hungering for these planets, Galactus chose as his new, reluctant Herald the one person in this vast universe with the natural ability to nullify cloaking shields of all kinds: Johnny Storm, the former Human Torch, whose powers have been swapped with his sister, Sue Storm Richards.

1

With the help of a hero named Quasar, Sue and the others are now racing through the cosmos to find Johnny before he's lost to them forever...



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RISING STORM



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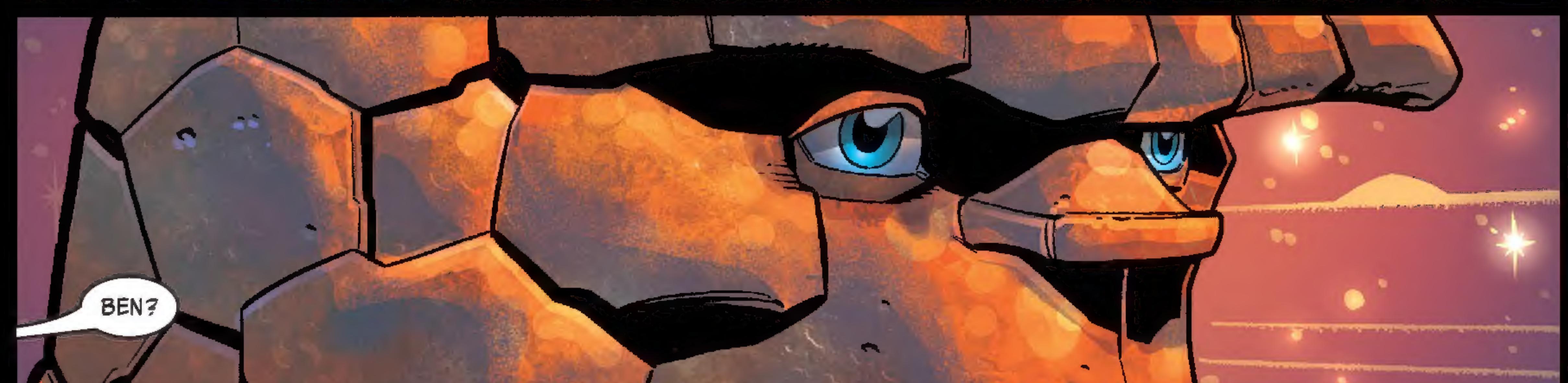
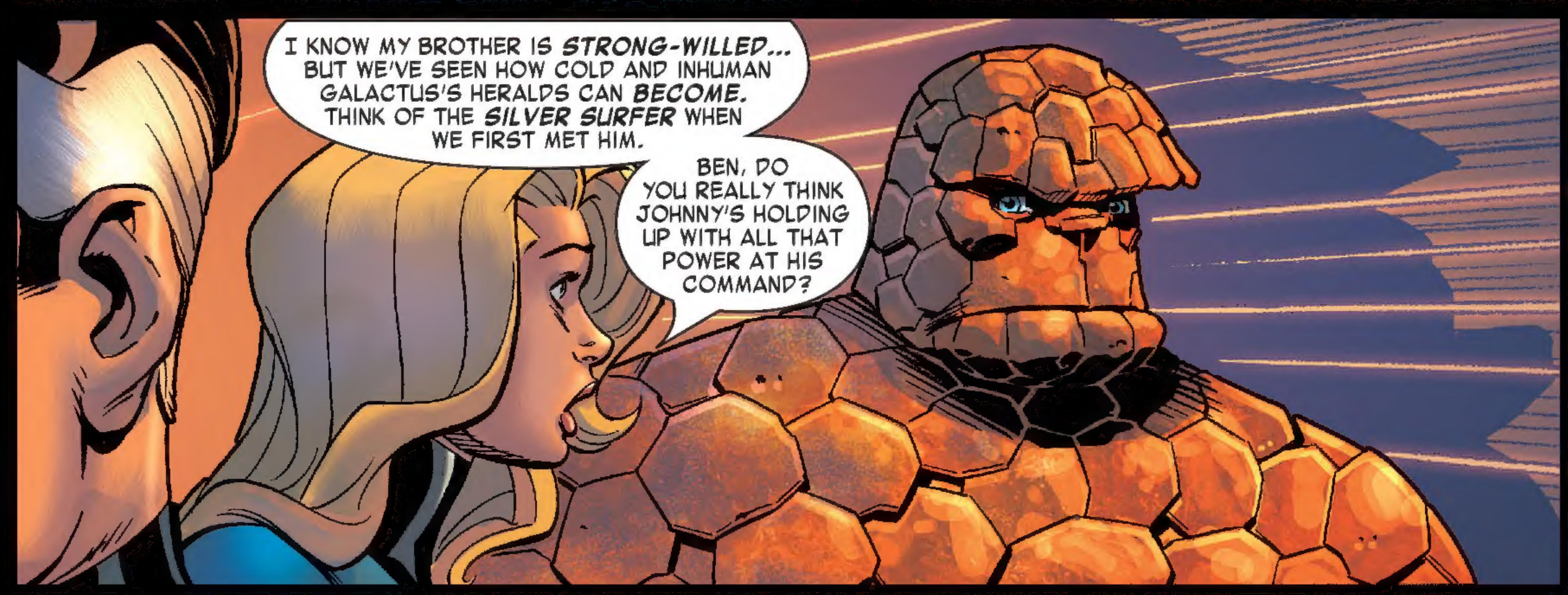
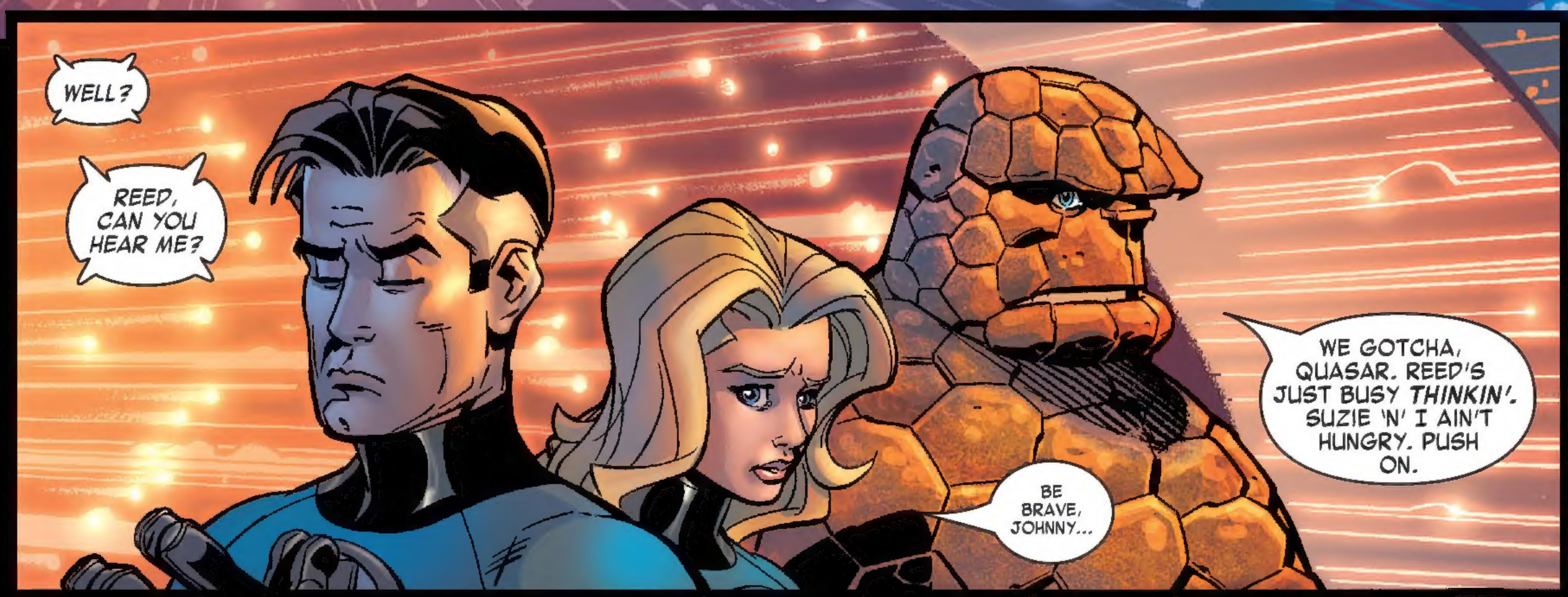
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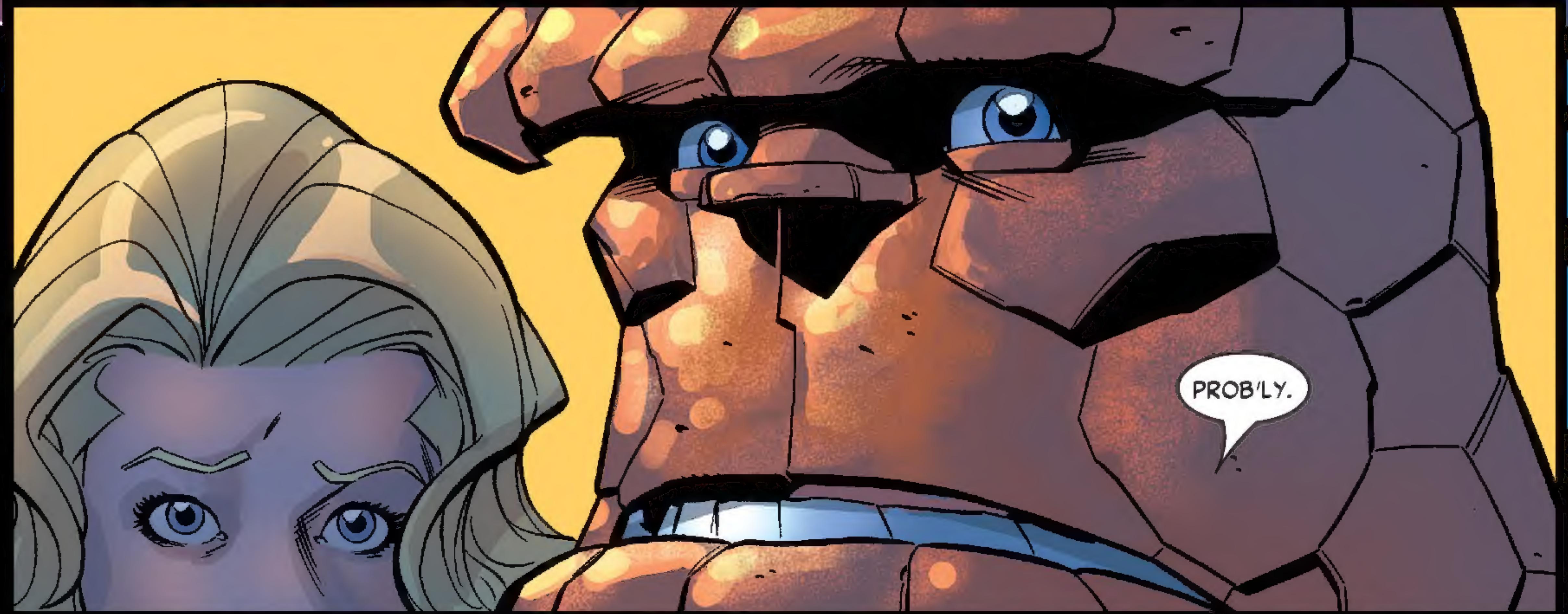
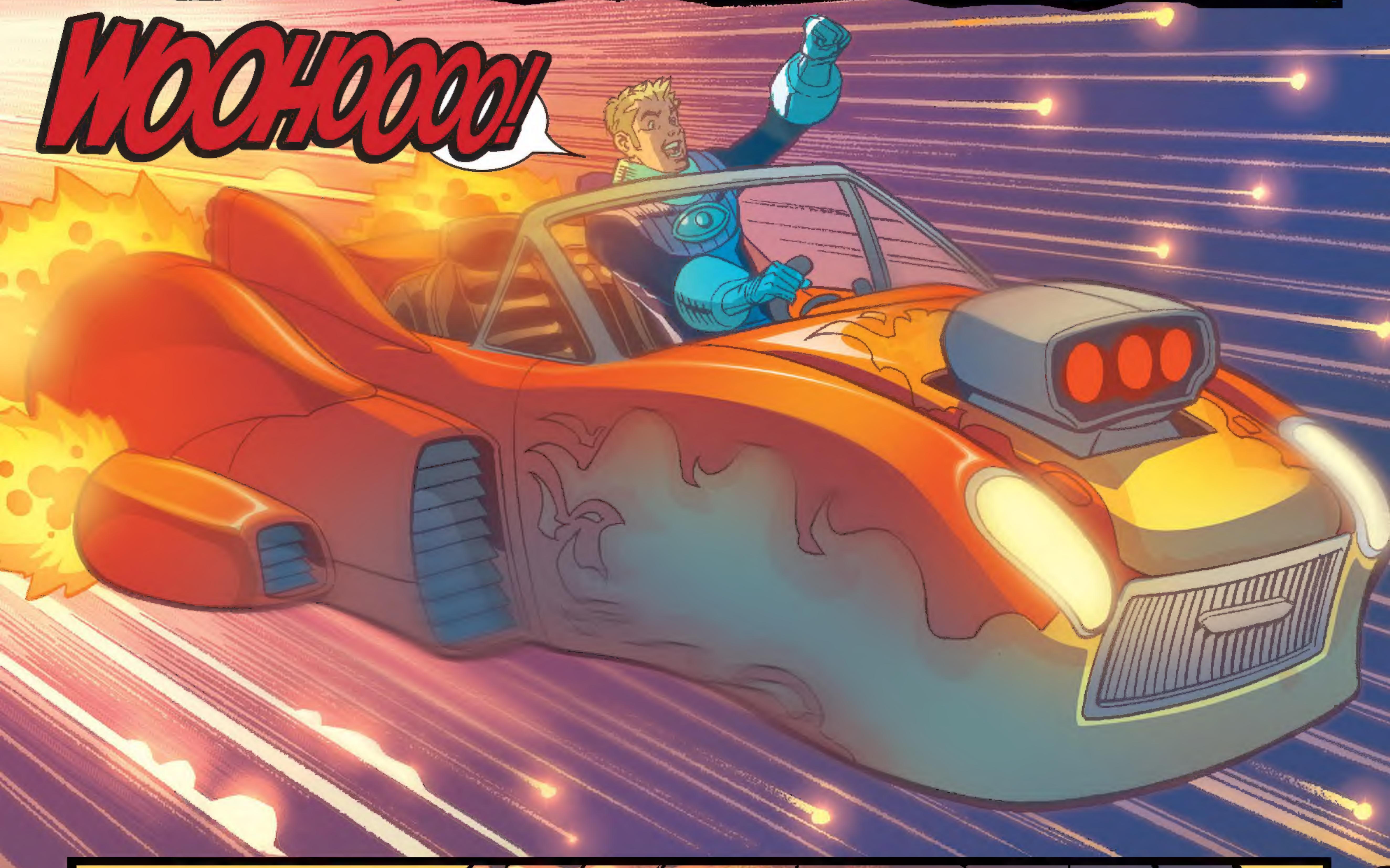
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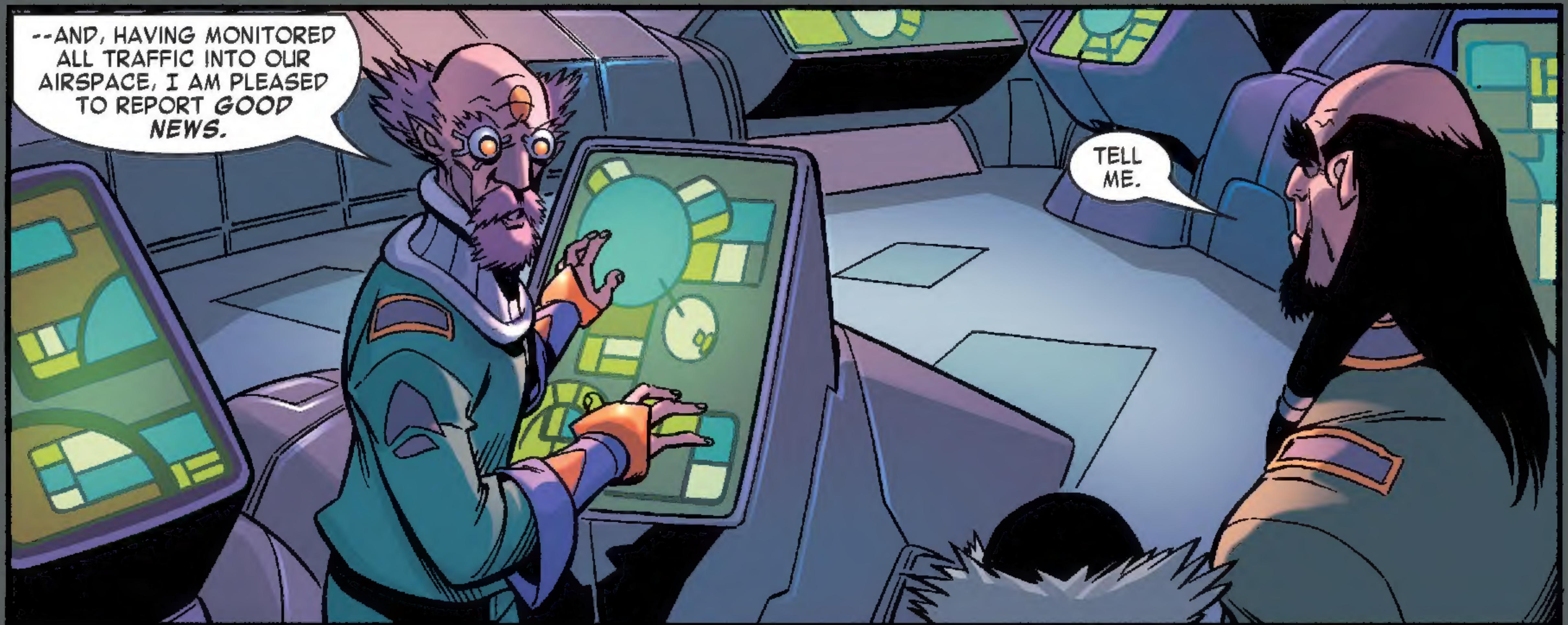
STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY
the perfect storm

PART
2 of 4





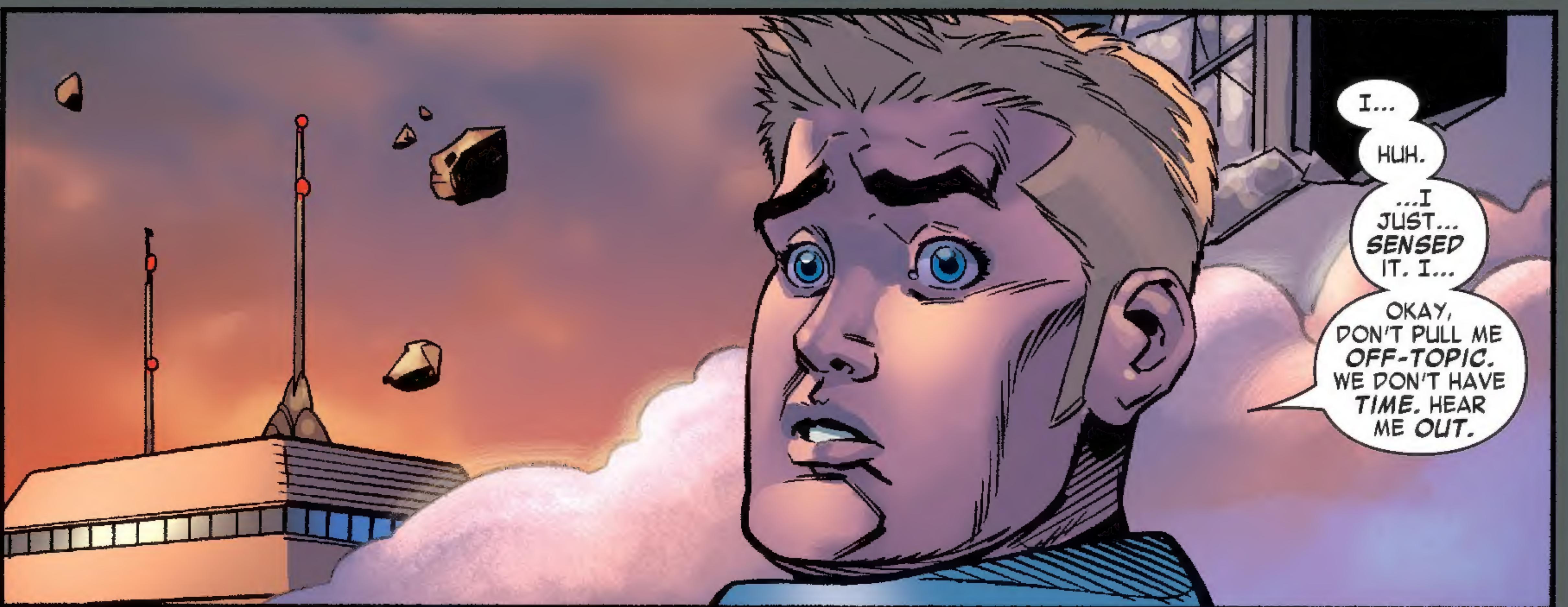
THE BRÜM NEBULA.



THEY HAVE BEEN NO SIGHTINGS OF ANY HERALD. NO BREACH OF OUR DEFENSES BY ANYTHING DETECTABLE BY SIGHT, SOUND, OR ANY ELECTROMAGNETIC FREQUENCY WHATSOEVER.







EXPOSITION LIGHTNING ROUND:
I WAS RECRUITED BY G-COMMA-BIG BECAUSE I APPARENTLY HAVE THIS UNIQUE ABILITY TO LOOK PAST THE CLOAKING DEVICES THE WORLDS IN THIS SYSTEM USE AS A DEFENSE AGAINST HIM.

PROBLEM IS, I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS. I HAVE NO INTENTION OF DELIVERING THIS OR ANY INHABITED WORLD OVER TO GALACTUS-- BUT--

--THAT MEANS I'VE GOTTA FIND A GREEN, UNINHABITED WORLD, AND FAST, TO FEED THE GUY. I NEED A RECOMMENDATION. IN OTHER WORDS... WELL...

...IS THERE ANYPLACE GOOD AROUND HERE TO EAT?

YOUNG MAN, PLANETS SUCH AS YOU SEEK--LUSH WORLDS DEVOID OF LIFEFORMS--ARE, BIOSPHERICALLY SPEAKING, NEAR-IMPOSSIBILITIES.

THAT SAID, THE SECOND PLANET FROM OUR SUN IS WORTHY OF NO MERCY. ITS INHABITANTS ARE A BLIGHT ON THE GALAXY--A CANCEROUS RACE WHO THRIVE ON THE PAIN OF OTHERS.

MY ADVICE IS TO TAKE THEM. THEY WILL NOT BE MISSED.

YOU'RE LYING.

YES. DUDE, I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES.

YOU'RE TRYING TO TURN THIS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE BY SICING ME ON A CIVILIZATION YOU'VE BEEN POINTLESSLY AT WAR WITH FOR LONGER THAN I'VE BEEN ALIVE.

GHAAAH. BOY, "PEOPLE" REALLY ARE ALIKE ALL OVER...!

NO--!

!

'KAY,
THAT WENT
EXTRAORDINARILY
POORLY. AND THE
CLOCK IS TICKING
WHILE I BROWSE
THE MENU.

I GET
CRANKY WAITING
FOR THE POPCORN
TO 'WAVE UP. I CANNOT
IMAGINE THAT GALACTUS
IS GOING TO LET ME STALL
MUCH LONGER BEFORE HE
MAKES ME FIND HIM
A SNACK.

"FORTUNATELY,"
HE SAID WITH A
CONFIDENCE THAT
RINGS WITH INCREASING
HOLLOWNESS,
"REED AND THE
OTHERS'LL RESCUE
ME FIRST."

SO, NOW THAT I'VE BEEN
REMINDED THAT ALIENS
DON'T LIKE **SURPRISES** SO
MUCH, I'M NOT GONNA BOTHER
SNEAKING ONTO THIS NEXT
PLANET. NOPE. NO,
SIRREE.

I'M GONNA
COME IN ALL PEACEFUL-
LIKE AND HOPE FOR THE
BEST--THAT THERE
ARE NO INNOCENT
NATIVE BEINGS
HERE.

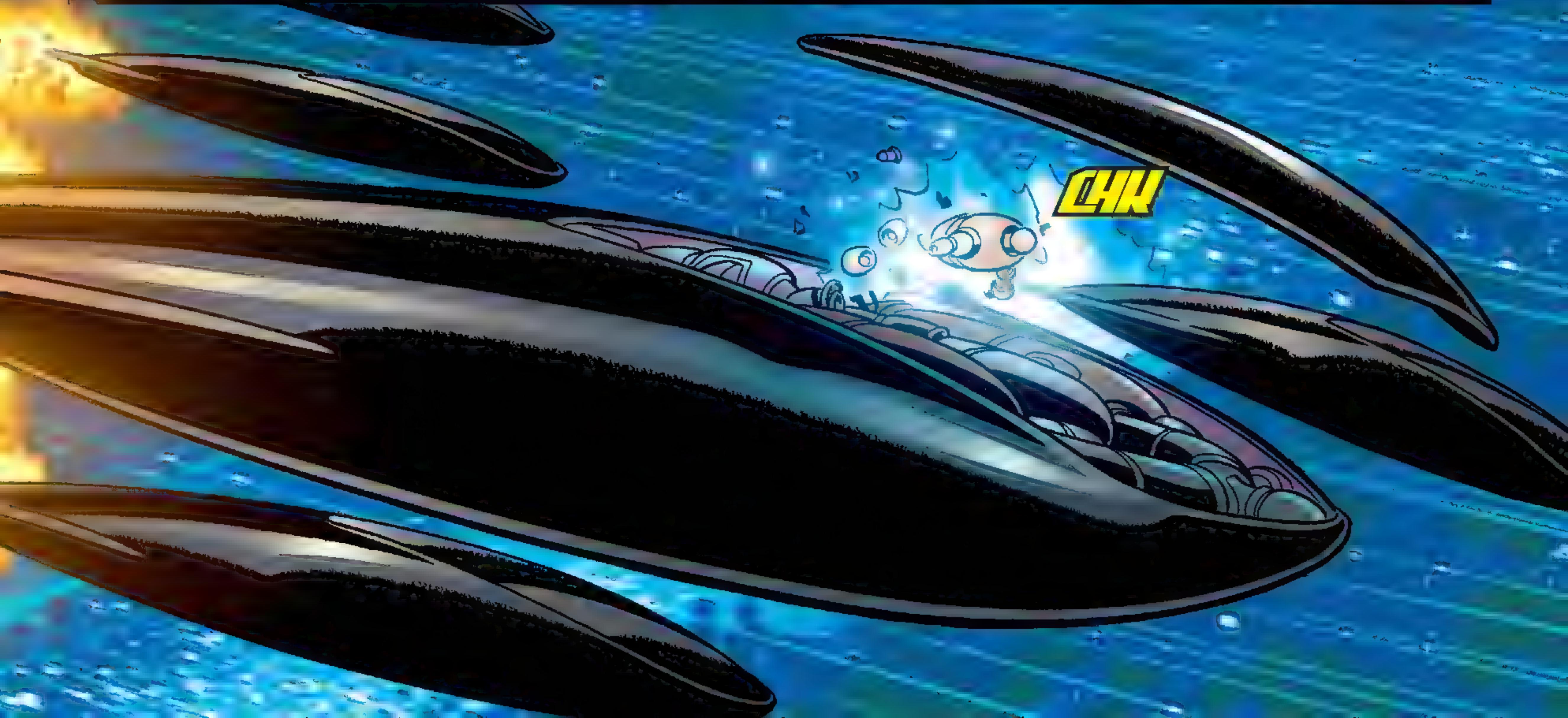
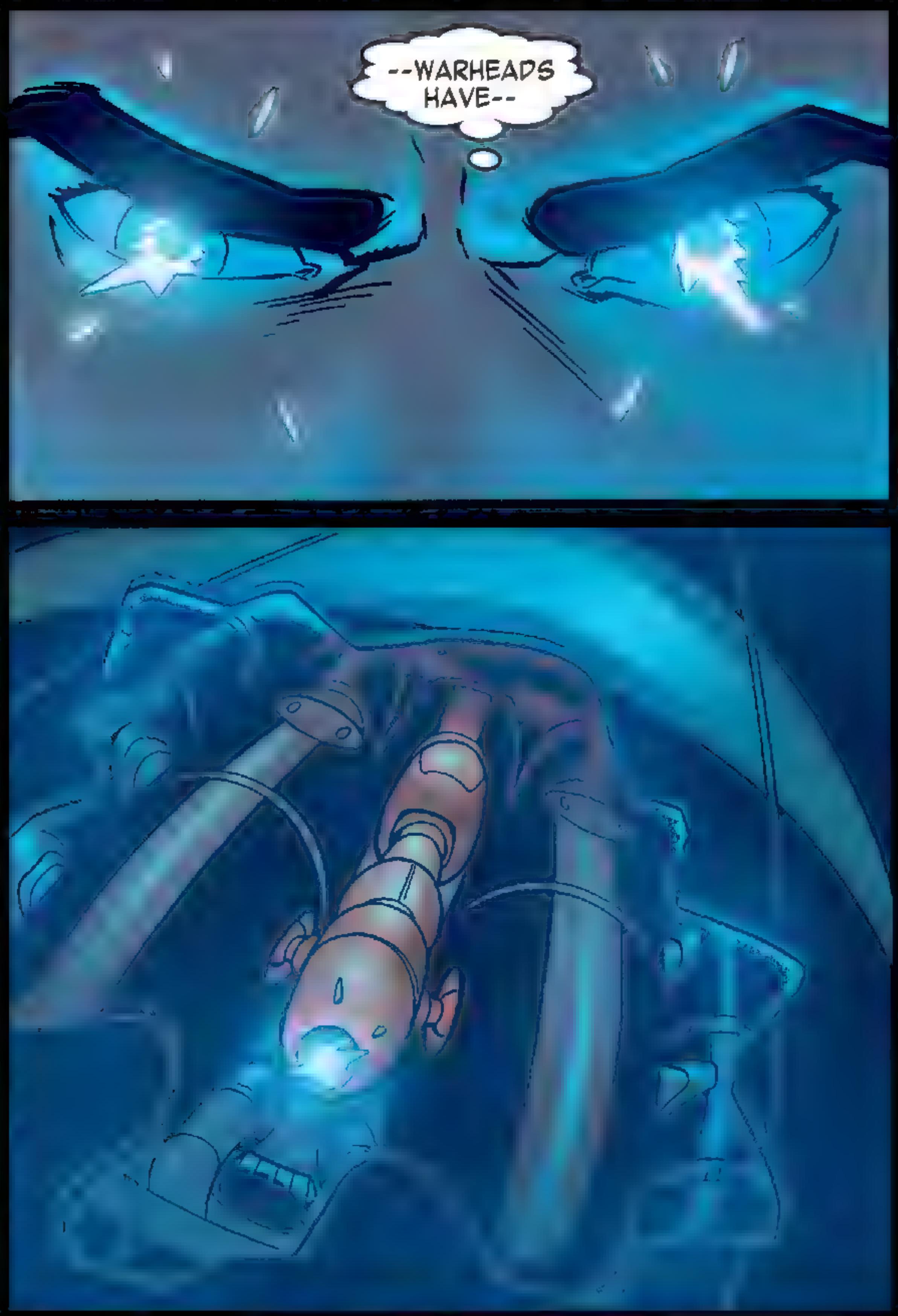
AND IF THERE
ARE, MAYBE IF THEY
SEE ME COMING
DIRECTLY, THEY'LL
BE A LITTLE LESS
AGGRESSIVE.

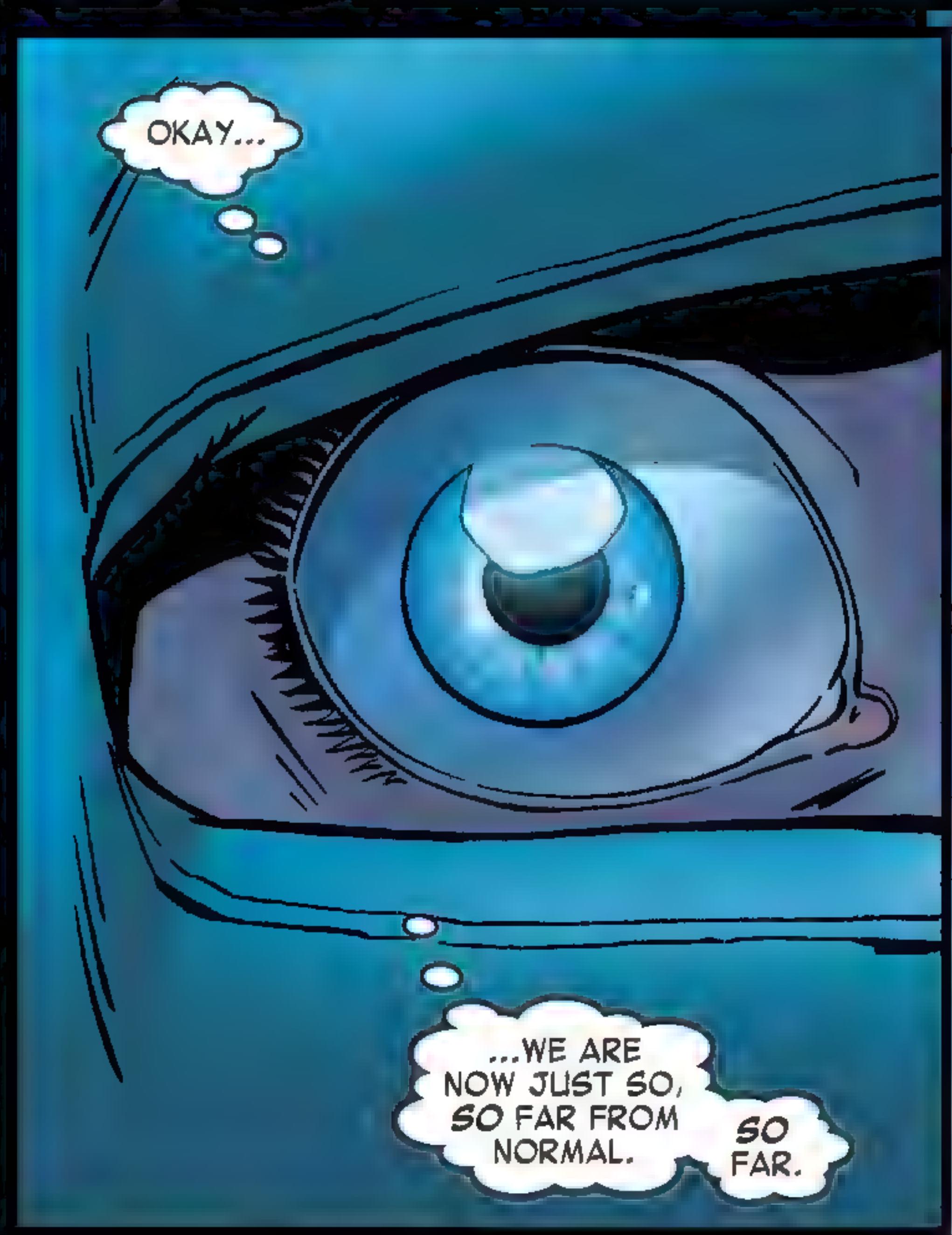
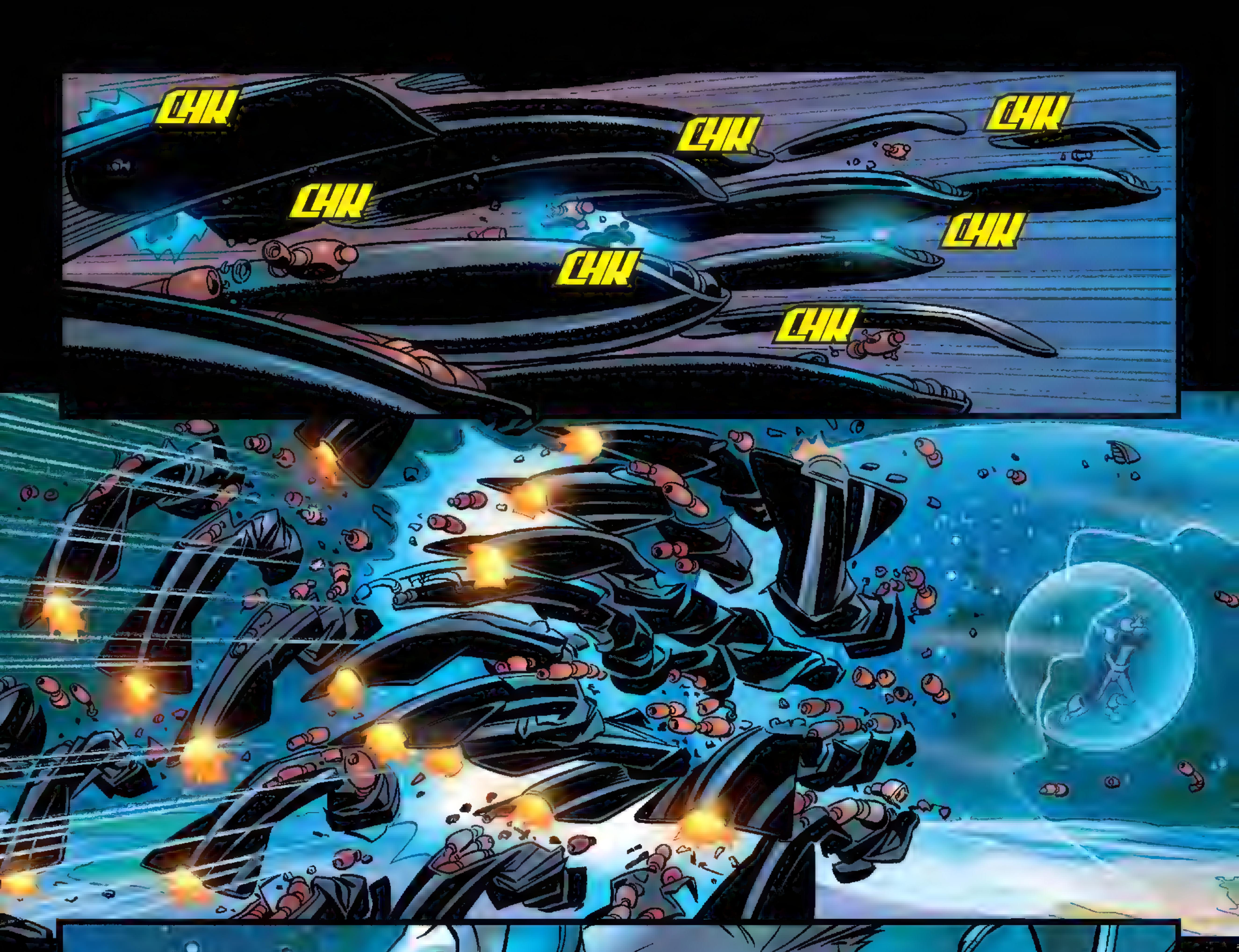
POSSIBLY.

PLANNING.
OW. HEAD HURTS.
WHERE ARE YOU,
REED?









ROHAN III.

HOLD
YOUR FIRE!
I COME IN
PEACE!

YOU
BRING THE
PEACE OF
DEATH!

NOT ON
PURPOSE!

ADUION.

...SO IF WE
JOIN FORCES, WE
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
MOUNT SOME SORT OF
REBELLION.
I'M SAYIN'.

WE'RE
FISH.

POINT.

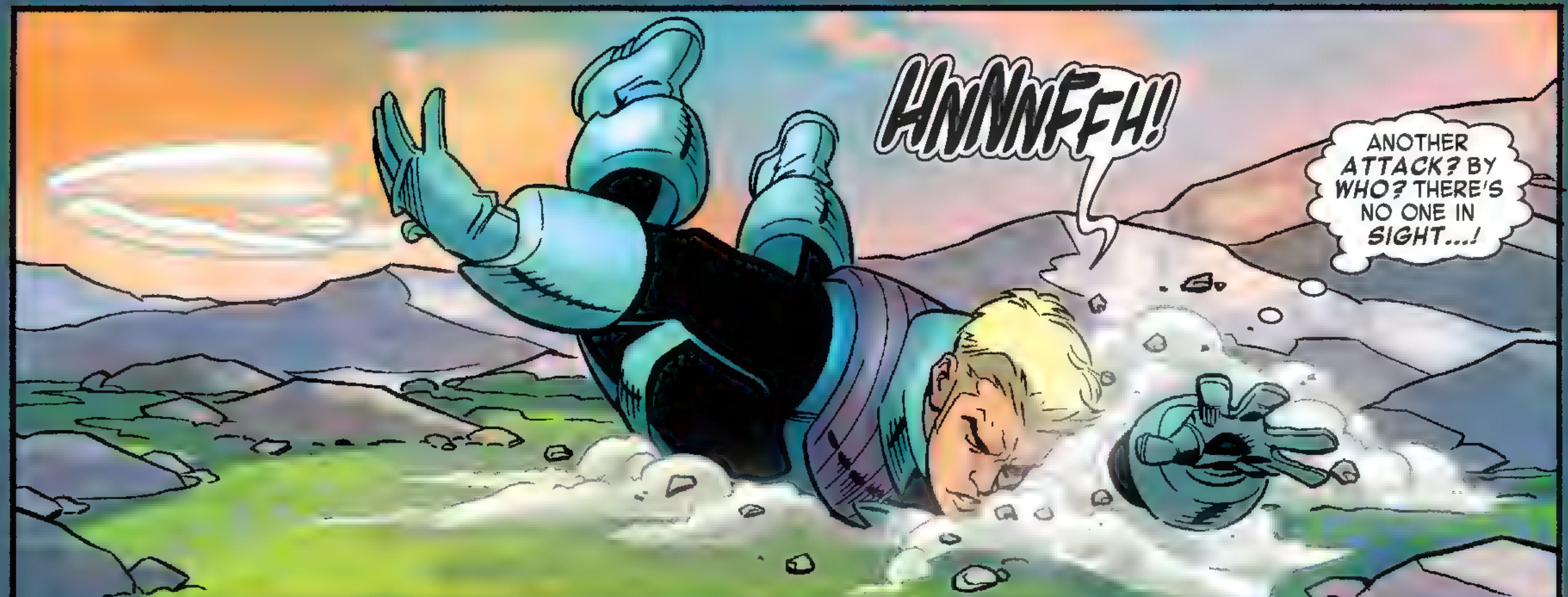
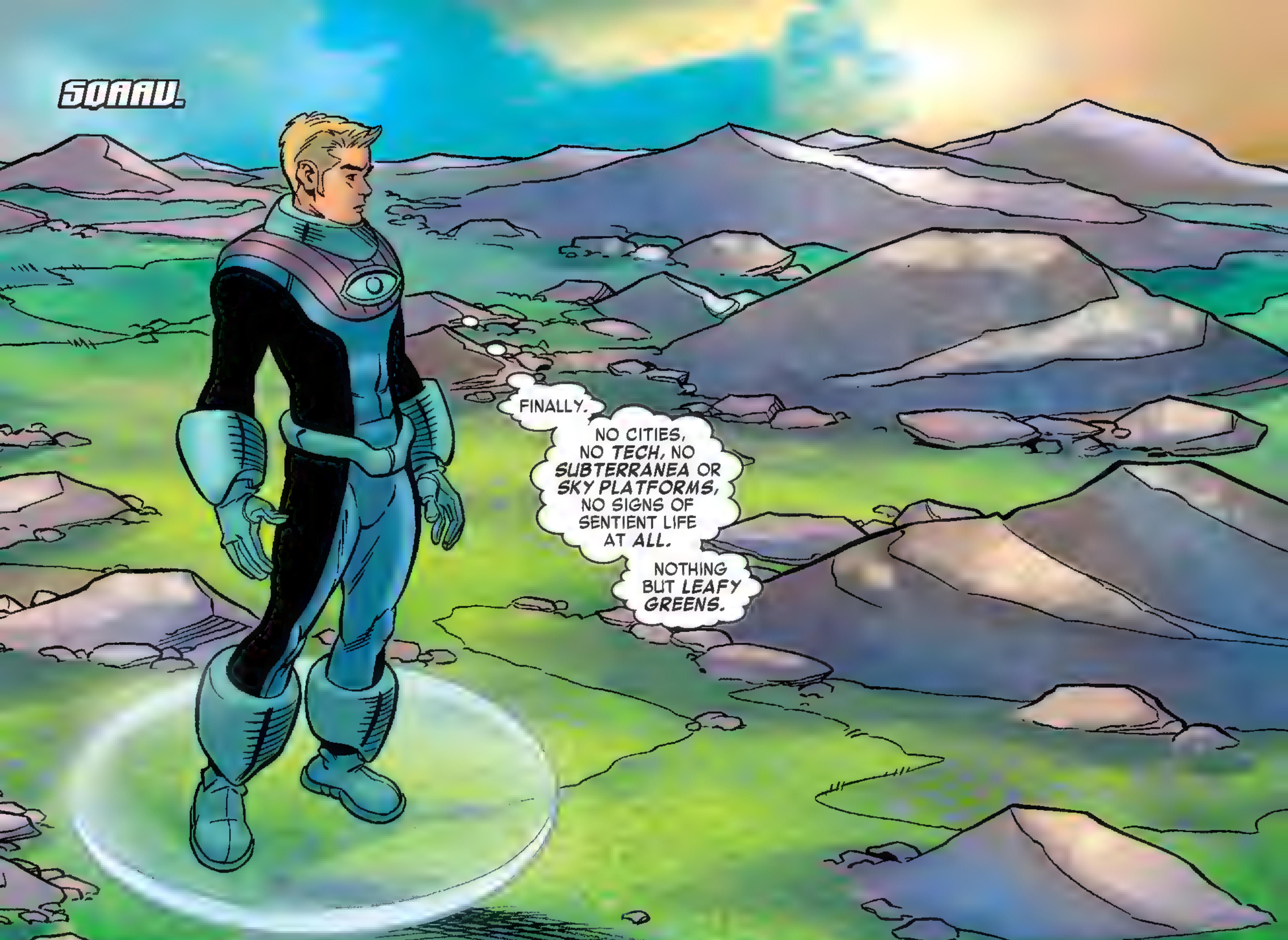
SILOCUS.

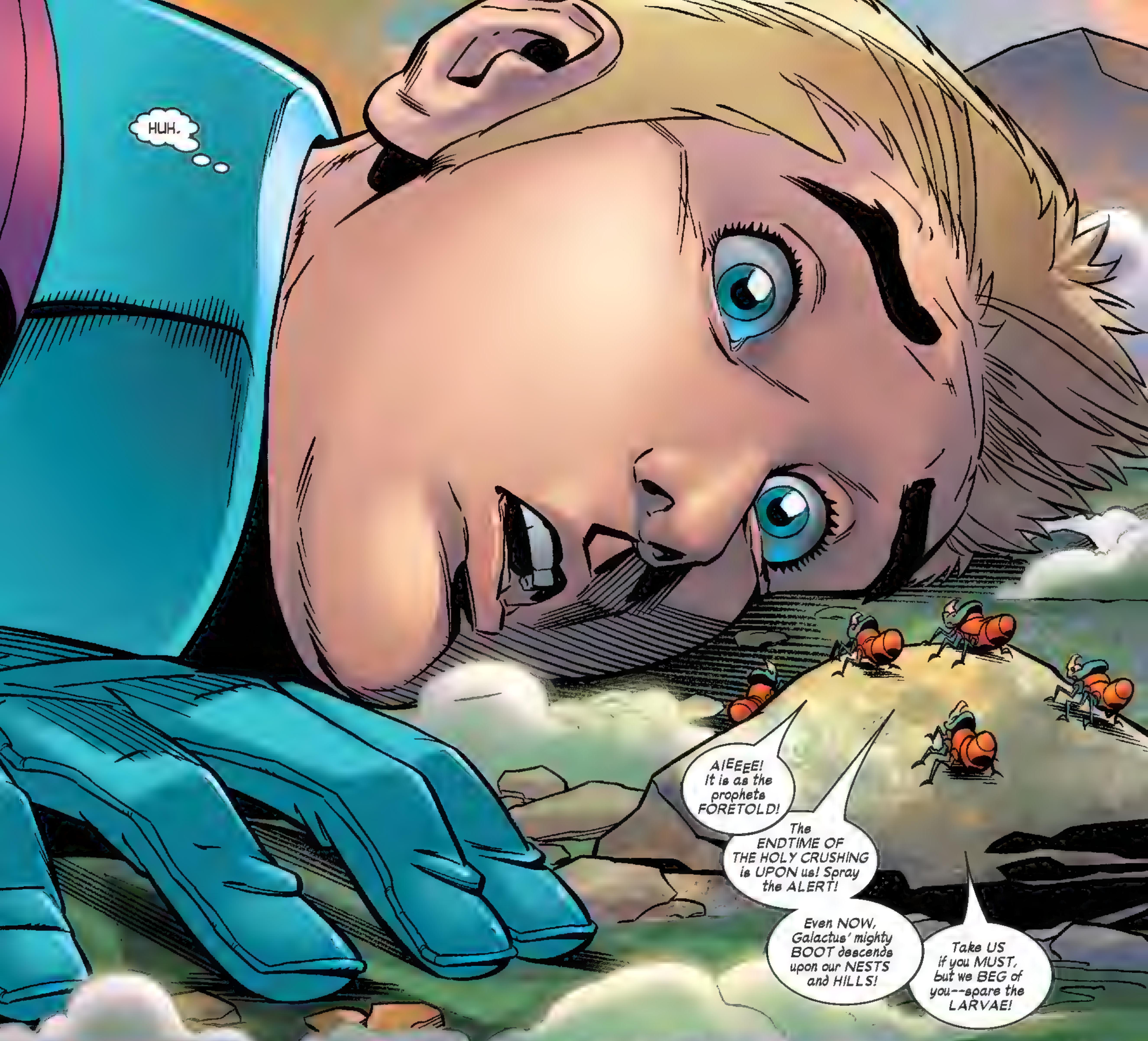
YOU, ON
THE OTHER HAND,
HAVE MUSCLE. I
KNOW GALACTUS
IS TOUGH,
BUT--

WE
SURRENDER.

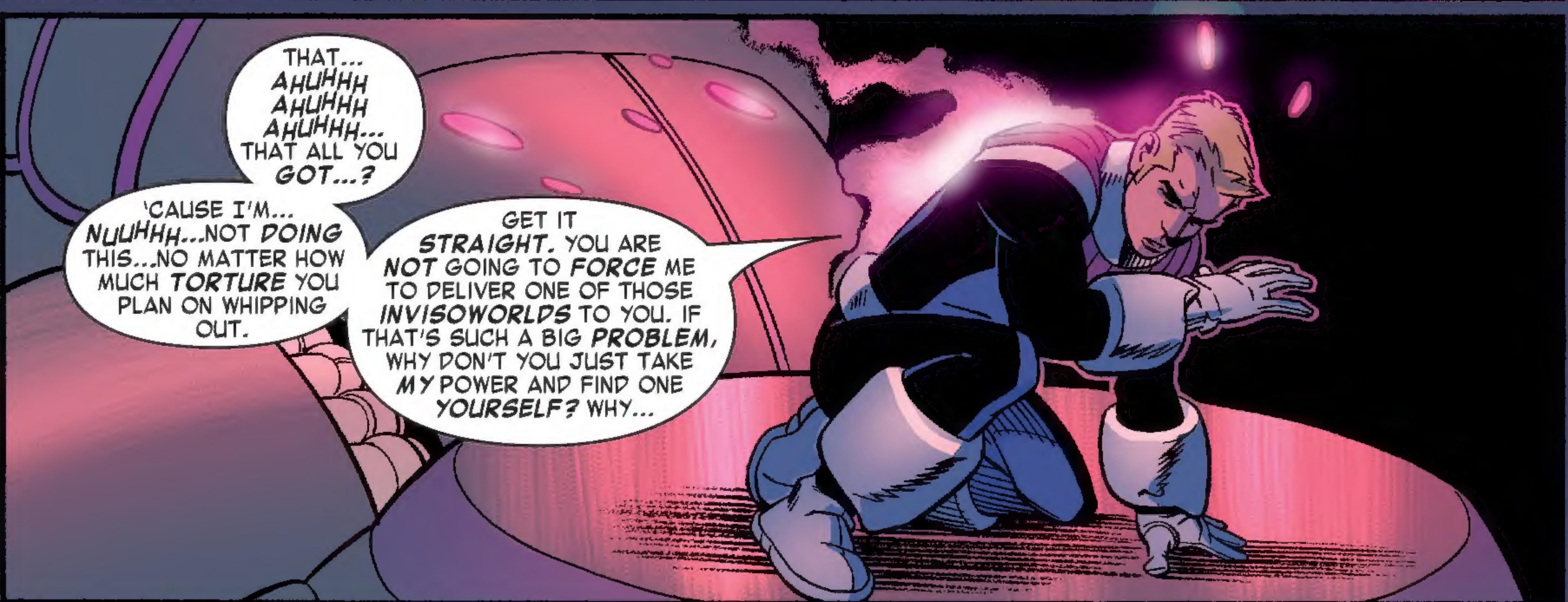
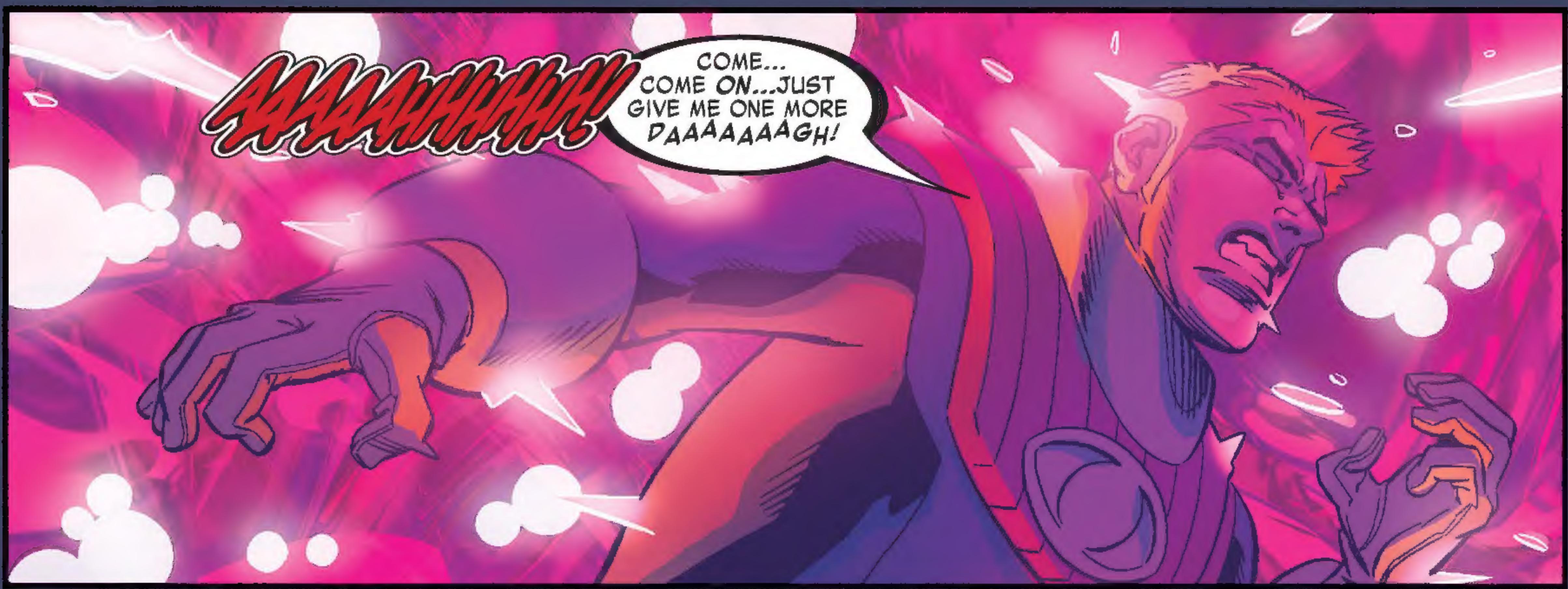
:SIGH:

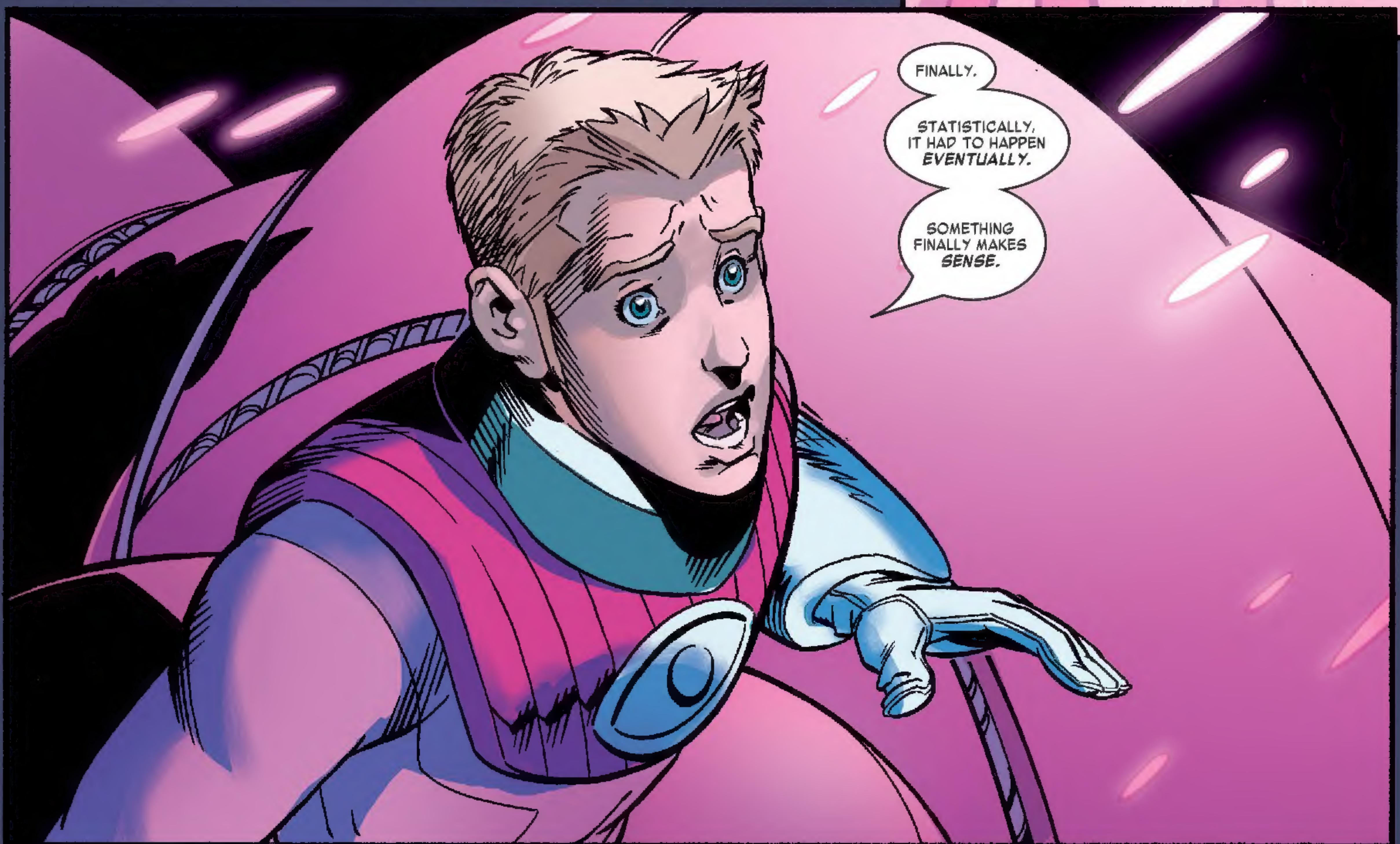
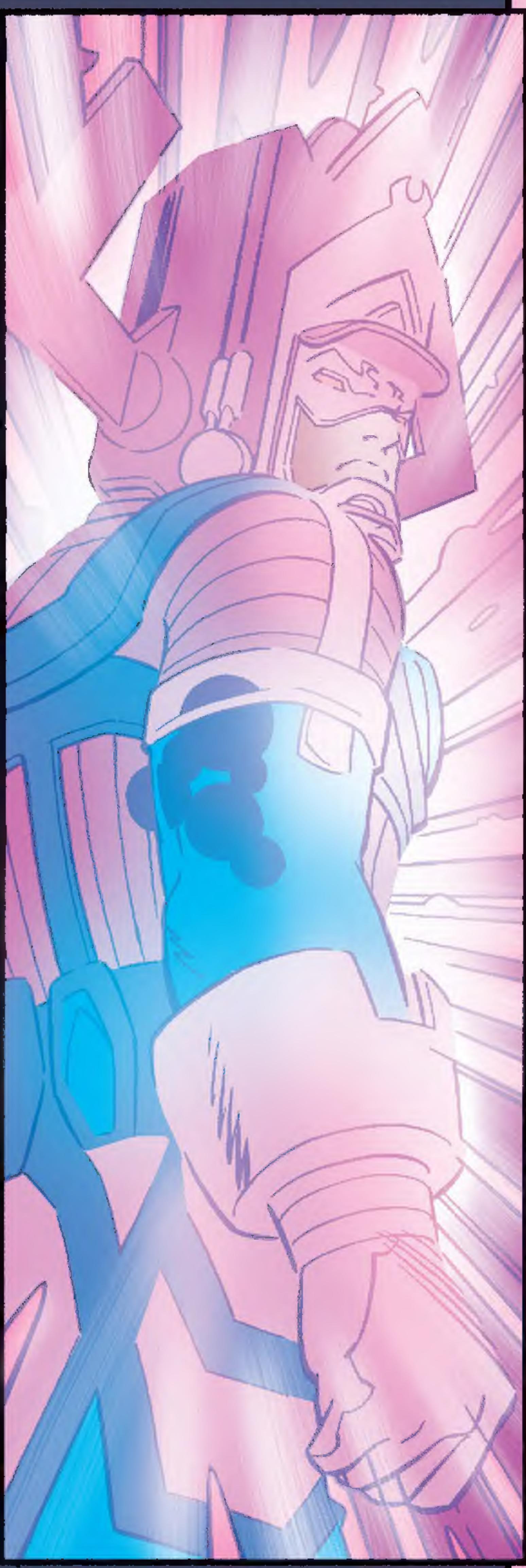
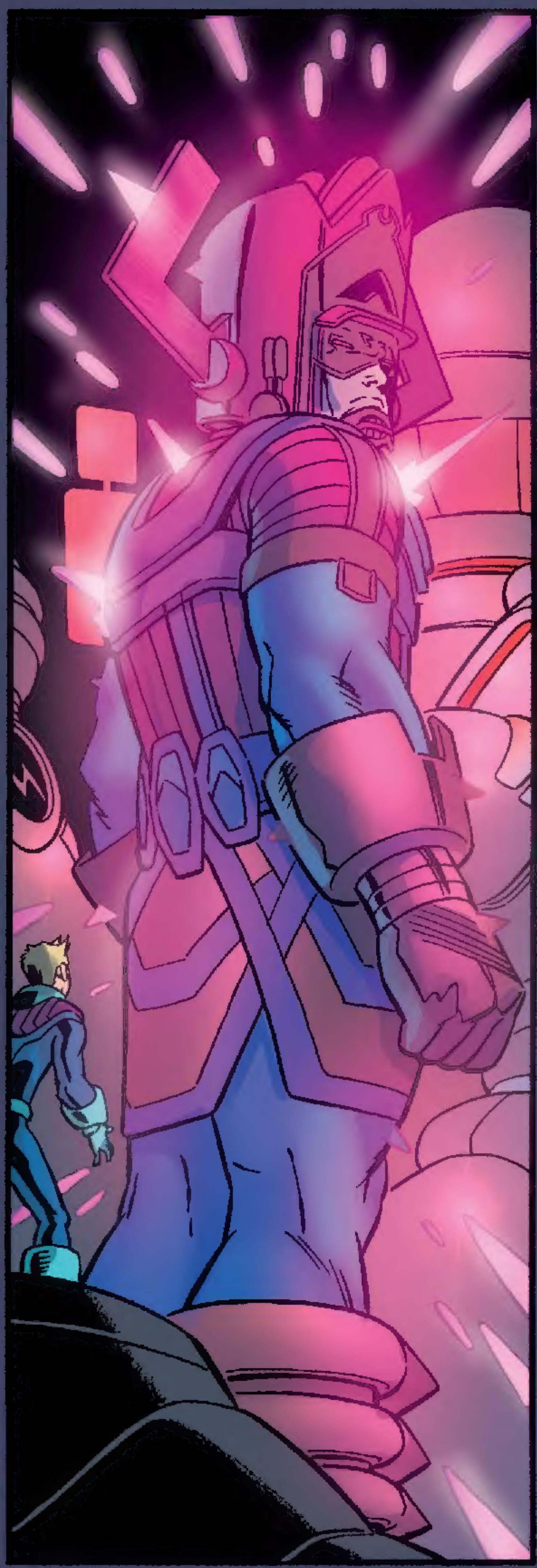
SOARU.











YEAH. YEAH! I GET IT! I'M ON THE TROLLEY NOW, PAL! YOU CAN'T USE MY MOJO BECAUSE IT'S TOO... TOO HUMAN!

I FORGET. YOU'RE NOT A GIANT MAN WITH A BAD WARDROBE. NOT THE GIANT PART, ANYWAY. YES, YOU'RE BIG...

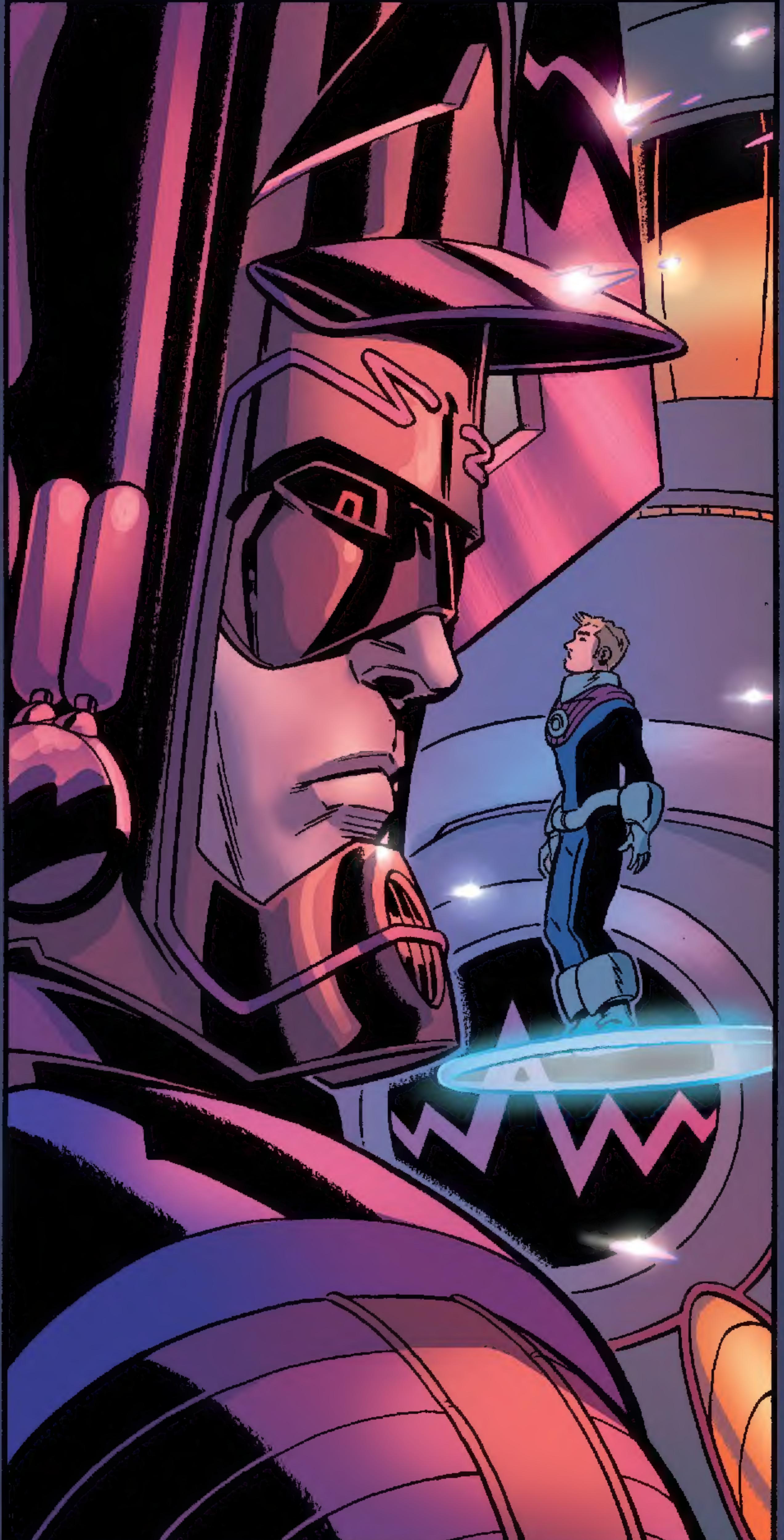
...BUT HUMANOID...NOSE, FINGERS, OPTIC NERVES, ETCETERA...IS HOW MY BRAIN REGISTERS YOU SO IT DOESN'T MELT DOWN.


TRUTH IS, YOU'RE SO FAR BEYOND WHAT I RECOGNIZE THAT MY PIDDING HUMAN SENSES ARE BENEATH YOU. WAY BENEATH. SO FAR BENEATH THAT YOU COULDN'T USE THEM IF YOU WANTED TO, NOT WITHOUT CLIMBING WAY BACK DOWN THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER.

AND... AND... HOW DO I KNOW THIS?

BECAUSE I HAVE NOW SEEN YOU FOR EVERYTHING YOU TRULY ARE...AND EVERYTHING YOU EVER WERE.

WE HAVE TO TALK, GALACTUS. OR SHOULD I SAY... GALEN?





GO
ON.

UHHHH...